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SONGS,

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For **May.**

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June will ſpeedily come forth.

(388)

A SONG Set by Mr. Frances.

C Eaſe, ceaſe, ceaſe your en-cha— — — — —nt-ing Song; ceaſe, ceaſe,

ceaſe your encha— — — — — — —nting, enchanting Song; for each me—lo- - -dious

Lyre, for each me-—lo- - -dious *Lyre*, that's war- - - - - - -bled by your Tongue, does ſnatch,

ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch does ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch, ſnatch, does ſna— — — — — —tch, does

ſna——tch my Soul a-way, does ſna——tch my Soul a-way, does ſna——

——tch my Soul a way; The An--gels in a maze look won——dring, look won--——

(380)

—dring down, to ſee Heav'n equal'd, Hea———

—v'n equal'd in your, Face, and in your Har———-mony, your

Ha— — — — — — — —mony, heav'n equal'd in your Face, Heav'n

epual'd in your Face, and in your Har- - - - - - - - - - - -mo---ny :

2 VOC.

The *Che--ru--bims* themſelves our Ri—-vals grow, and wiſh to change their ſtate with us be--low;

The *Che--ru--bims* themſelves our Ri--vals grow, and wiſh to change their ſtate with us be-low;

(300)

vailing their blu-ſhes with their ſpacious Wings; they ceaſe their *Ha-* - - - - - - - - - -

vailing their blu-ſhes with their Spacious wings;

76

— - - - -*le—lujahs,*

They ceaſe their *Ha-* - - - - - - - - - - - - -*le—*

76 4♯3

They ceaſe their *Ha-* - - - - - - - - - - - -*le---lujahs* while ſhe

—*lujahs,*

576

Sings, they ceaſe their *Ha-* - - - - - - - - - - - - - -*le—lujahs* while ſhe

they ceaſe their *Ha—* — — — — — — — —*le—lujahs* while ſhe

(391)

Sings, while ſhe ſings.

Sings, while ſhe ſings.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barrett.

POor *Damon* Sighs, Poor *Damon*

ſighs and vain——ly ſtrives, his Paſ——ſion to conceal; Who can ſup—port Fair

Celi——a's Eyes, and all thoſe Charms that round her flyes, and not his

Flame re--veal, and all thoſe Charms that round her flyes, and not his Flame re-——

(392)

—veal, and not his Flame re—veal? When young as

new born ſight, I ſaw your early Beau--ties ſhine, and ſe—cretly, and ſe-cret-ly a-dor'd;

But now, now your noon appears ſo bright, it 'tis e—nough to kill out right; un—

——leſs with Pi—ty, pi-ty, with pt-ty mov'd; But now, now your noon appears ſo bright, it

is e—nough to kill out right; un--leſs with pi--ty, pi-ty, pi—ty, with pi-ty mov'd, un—

——leſs with pi-ty, pi--ty, pi--ty, with pit--ty mov'd.

(393)

Janus, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman *in the* Pilgrim; *Sett by Mr.* D. Purcell.

C *Hronos, Chronos* mend, mend thy pace an hundred times, an

hun--dred times the roul— — — — — — --ing Sun, a-rou— — — —nd the

Radiant Belt has run, in his re---vol— — —ting race; *Chronos, Chronos*

mend mend thy pace, an hun-dred times, an hun--dred times the roul— — — — — —ing

Sun a rou- - - - - - - - -nd the radiant Belt has run, in his re—vol- - - - - -ting Race;

Be——hold, be——--hold the Goal in ſight, ſpread- - - - - -thy Fanns, and

(394)

wing——thy Flight, wing wing thy flight; ſpread, ſpread thy Fanns and wing- - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - --wing winh thy flight and wing- - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -wing, wing thy flight.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Goudge; *The Words by* Mr. Clark.

'Tis ſaid the War's over, 'tis ſaid the War's over, 'tis ſaid the War's over, all Battles are

done, ſtill the Fates on—ly know what yet is to come: let the true Sons of *Mars*, let the

true Sons of *Mars*, this Li-ber-ty prize, as a Fur- - - - - - - - -low, as a Fur- - - - - - - -

(395)

-low to Ba— — —sk in their Miſtreſſes Eyes; the Wheel will turn rou— — —

— — — — — — — — — — —nd, while Cloth's a Spinning, thus things ſeem to

end, ſeem to end, ſe m to end, ſeem to end, when they're but a be--gin--ning; thus

things ſeem to end, when they're but a be---gin-ning.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

TOo late, too late a—las, a—las, I muſt confeſs, I

muſt confeſs you nee-———d no ar———t to mo— — ve me; ſuch, ſuch Charms by

nature you poſ-ſeſs, 'twere madneſs, 'twere mad— — — —neſs not to love you:

(396)

Then ſpare a heart you may ſurprize, and give my Tongue the glo—ry;

to boaſt, to boaſt, to boaſt, to boaſt, tho' my un—faith—ful Eyes betray, a kin--der, kinder,

kinder, kinder ſto—ry; betray, a kin-der, kinder, kinder, kinder, kin-der ſto--ry.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Wilford.

WHo, who, who wou'd value Pleaſures here, or a—ny thing, or a—ny

thing, or a—ny thing the world, the world— — — — — -the world counts dear; What

man of Sence wou'd e'er deſire, wou'd e're deſire, e'er, e'er, e'er deſire, Bleſſings which ſo ſoon expire;

Bleſſings, Bleſſings, Bleſſings, Bleſſings which ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon expire;

But when Divine *Cle—-me--ne's* by, and ſighing, ſighing at her Feet I lye; I taſt ſuch

Joy- - - - - - - - - - - - -s, I taſt ſuch Joy- - - - - - - - - - - -s, I en-vy,

en—vy none, and pity, pity Monarchs, pity, pity Monarchs, pity, pity Monarchs on——

Slow. *Faſter.*

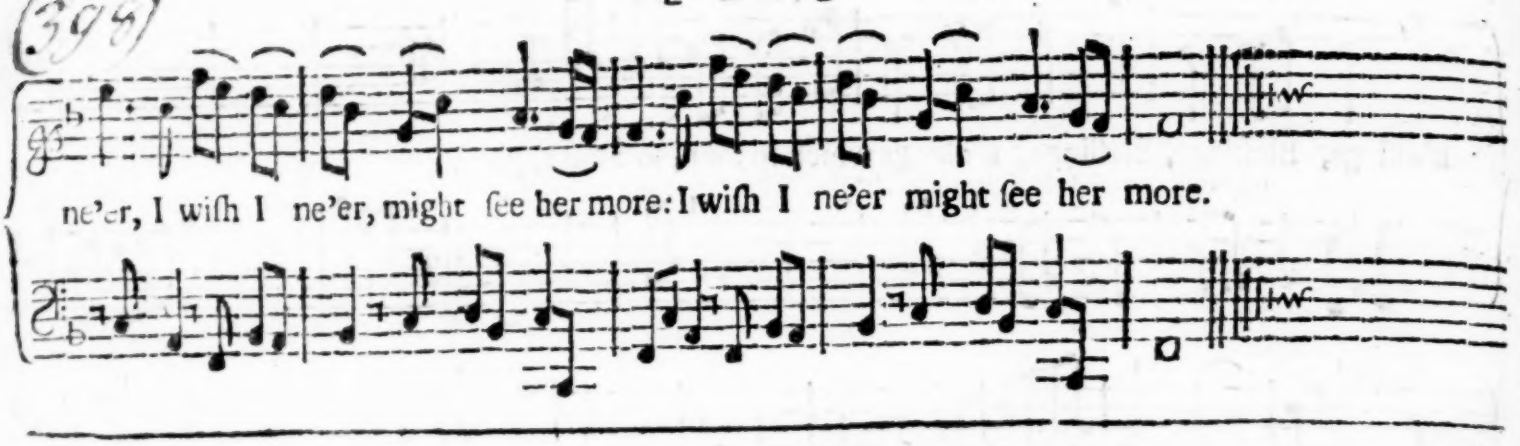
—— a Throne: But when Fate forces me a-—wa -y

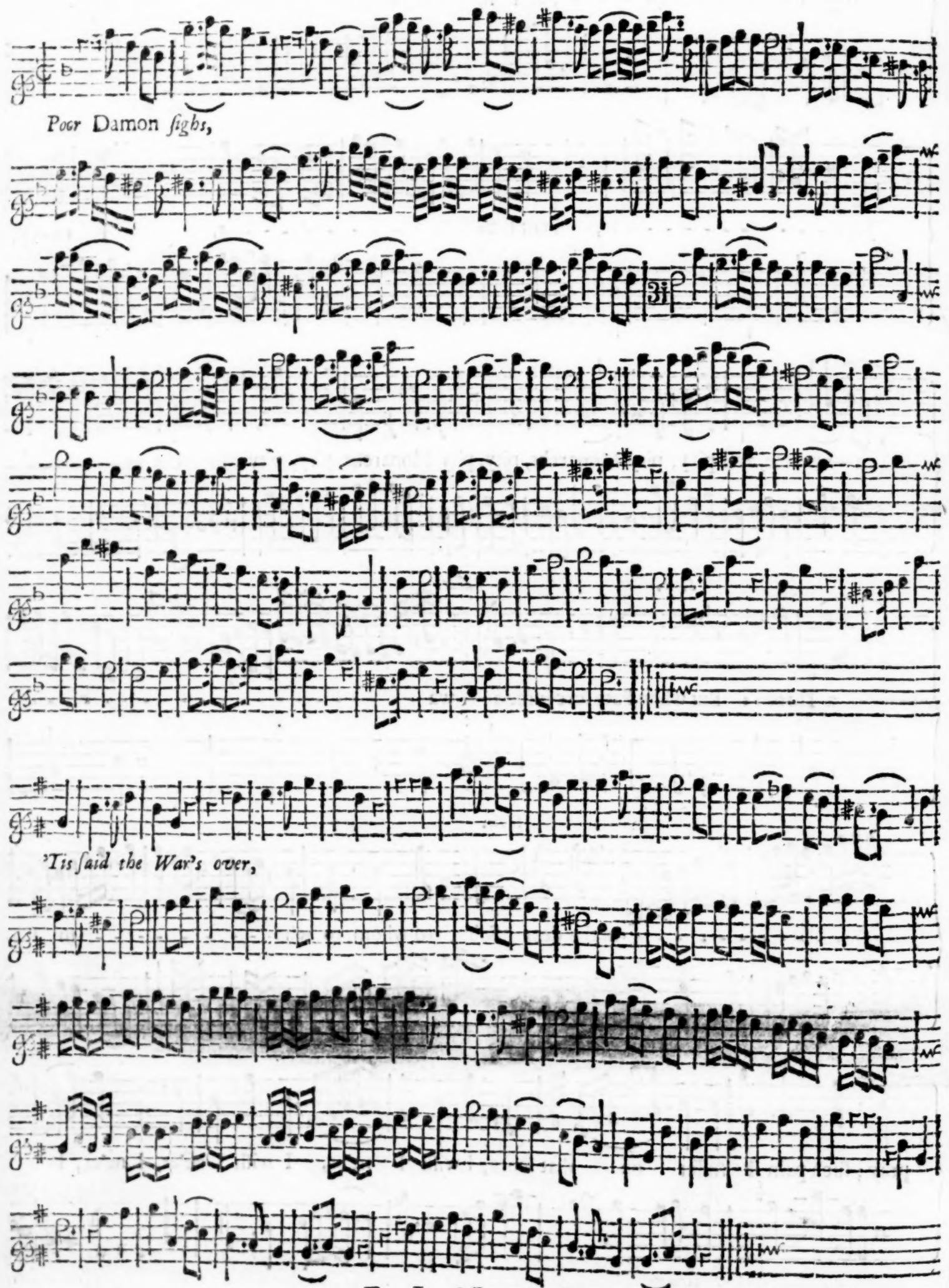
Slow.

fro- - - - - - - - - - - - -m the dear Saint, to whom, to who- - - - - - - - - - -m I

pray; ſuch pain I ſuffer on that ſcore, I wiſh I ne'er, I wiſh I ne'er, I ne'er, I

(394)



Tunes for the FLUTE.

FINIS.